

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,
Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 5300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 30 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 30 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.

No attention will be paid to anonymous
contributions, and no communications to
the editor will be printed except over the
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication
will be returned if unavailable, but stamps
should be sent with the manuscript for
that purpose.

All communications intended for this
newspaper, whether for the daily or the
Sunday issue, should be addressed to
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILDERBERG
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building,
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAM-
HAM, Boyce Building.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1910.

Let Your Paper Come After You

Washingtonians who leave the
city, either for a short or long
stay—whether they go to mountain
or seashore, or even across the sea
—should not fail to order The
Washington Herald sent to them
by mail. It will come regularly,
and the addresses will be changed
as often as desired. It is the home
news you will want while away
from home. Telephone Main 3300,
giving old and new address.

Encouraging to the Administration.

Iowa and Wisconsin are not anti-ad-
ministration. Recent events are conclu-
sive on this point.

The insurgent movement apparently
has been magnified out of all proportions
in those States. If recent events mean
anything—and undoubtedly they are full
of meaning—they mean that the regulars
of the Republican party are largely in
the ascendancy and will present a fairly
compact front to the enemy at the next
election. Evidence is lacking of any
marked disposition to repudiate the Pres-
ident and his policies.

On a clean-cut issue of Cannonism,
Walter L. Smith, a stand-pat adherent
of "Uncle Joe" and member of the House
Committee on Rules, won a renomina-
tion without great difficulty. Especial
significance attaches to this outcome, but
more still to the fact that the results of
the Iowa primary as a whole give the
administration or anti-Cummins forces
control of the party organization for two
years to come.

Wisconsin Republicans, as shown by
their State convention, unqualifiedly sup-
port the administration.

Of course, these signs of party loyalty
and unity do not indicate necessarily a
disappearance of popular dissatisfaction.
That the country is in a fault-finding
mood has been obvious to all observers
for months past. Conditions have made
for public discontent. But it is begin-
ning to be likewise obvious that this
popular discontent is not to be turned
readily to the advantage of an ambitious
faction within the party.

There is a lesson in all this for our
Democratic friends. It tells them that
the split in the ranks of their easily
recuperated and always formidable force
is by no means as menacing as they have
been led to believe. Moreover, it tells
them that the November election will be
fraught with uncertainty, and that the
promising omens of to-day cannot be de-
pendent upon wholly.

A New Zealand Example.

A good many of us still think of social-
istic measures as if they meant waving
the red flag, and yet in some places
where socialistic tendencies have influ-
enced legislation the result has been suc-
cessful and not harmful.

Of such sort is the legislation of New
Zealand affecting the relations of labor
and capital. The compulsory arbitration
law of that country—considerably in ad-
vance of what the present state of pub-
lic opinion would indorse in this coun-
try—has practically abolished strikes,
and established relations between employers
and employees that, if not cordial, are at
least harmonious.

Three factors are recognized in this
New Zealand legislative enactment—cap-
ital, labor, and the state. Representa-
tives of each of these factors form the
court of arbitration. Back of the arbitra-
tion court is the New Zealand govern-
ment, which claims that a strike is a dis-
turbance of the public peace and must be
prevented. It points out that education
is compulsory, and so is taxation, and
that arbitration is really law, and is,
therefore, also compulsory.

The people recognize this view; they
know, too, that compulsory arbitration
is beneficial to both sides of a dispute;
is beneficial to the state; prevents the
blocking of the wheels of progress, the
stopping of work, and the creation of
paupers by reason of factories shut down.
And care has been taken that arbitra-
tion shall harm no one unjustly. If there
is a dispute about wages, the arbitration
court has the power to bring the em-
ployer into court to show not only the
wages paid, but the profits earned. And
while the hearing is in progress the fac-
tory has not been allowed to shut down,
but it continues running until the court
of arbitration has made its award, which
admits of no appeal; it is final and com-
pulsory.

Socialism, if you like, but we believe
there will be little quarrel over terms.
It is not what you call it; it is the act
itself that counts. There is in New Zea-
land the court of compulsory arbitra-
tion is not a theory, but a fact. It is a

fact that by its means millions of dollars
have been saved to the state and to the
people. Riots, bloodshed, and all the
hard feeling engendered by strikes and
lock-outs have passed away. Is there not
here an example from which we as a
people might learn?

The Early Bird at el.

Proverbs are for occasional use only.
They cannot be applied generally. They
are specific; not generic. "The early bird
catches the worm," for instance, is all
right from the bird's point of view, but
all wrong from the worm's. Likewise,
"He laughs best who laughs last," and
so on.

We are sorry for the extremely pre-
vious spring gardeners. They thought
they were early birds this year, whereas
they were merely all too early worms.
Instead of playing the role of catchers,
therefore—as, of course, proverbially they
should—they are enacting the sad and
melancholy role of victims.

When a spring gardener of extrava-
gantly early persuasion makes good on
his assignment, we invariably tender him
much applause, despite his always abun-
dant chestiness and bragging manner.

We admire the work he accomplishes,
whether we like to be crowded over or
not. But when he does run afoul of dis-
aster, he must excuse us while we
chuckle. We mean no harm, particu-
larly, and our mirth is founded in naught
of malice; but—well, the early spring
gardener is such a wise one when he
does succeed that he ought not to be
degraded by an snicker when he falls down.
And this year all his best laid plans
have gone awry. The weather man has
played him false; the persistent chill-
lens has stunted the growth of vegetable
exhibits, primarily most promising; out-
of-season frosts have caused to wither
and to die things that at this time would
have been, in the ordinary course of
events, daily table delights!

The man who laughs last is now laugh-
ing best. He is the fellow who did not
bother to plant so early. He lattered by
the way and did not even spade up the
ground until spring was well advanced.
He submitted to many gibes and ribald
jests from his more erudite brother in
amateur agricultural endeavor. But,
nevertheless and notwithstanding, his
garden is the one from which the good
things to eat are coming now. "Oh, but
it was luck," say you? Be careful! If
that be so, what becomes of your proverb
about an ounce of luck being worth a
pound of luck? In this case the pound
of luck had all the better of it.

Put not your faith in proverbs. They
fit to-day; to-morrow it may be another
story.

Washington the Place.

Undoubtedly the exposition idea in this
country has been almost worked to death,
but if ever there was excuse for a real
exposition, surely the completion of that
gigantic work, the Panama Canal, affords
one. Two cities now actively claim the
privilege of holding the Panama Exposi-
tion—San Francisco, which has already
raised a lot of money for it, and New
Orleans, which promises to provide an
adequate fund.

Congress will have a delicate task de-
ciding upon the site or city for the expo-
sition. It seems likely that wherever held,
Congress will, sooner or later, appropri-
ate money, and if the public funds are
to be expended this way, the most logical
place to spend the same would be in the
National Capital, where the exposition
buildings might be made of a more per-
manent character and solidity than else-
where and so remain, beautifying Wash-
ington and belonging to the whole people.
At any rate, there should be no "piking"
about the Panama Exposition.

Held to celebrate the greatest engineer-
ing feat ever undertaken in the world, it
should be adequate as a celebration. The
nations of the world will join in cele-
brating the consummation of this work
which is to do so much for commerce
and industry, and Washington is the
place where the United States should
welcome her guests.

Censoring the Stage.

There has been, on and off, a good deal
of discussion about the need of a dramatic
censor in this country, most of the talk
on the subject being evoked by the pro-
duction in New York and elsewhere of
theatrical entertainments whose appeal
was sheer vulgarity and indecency, and
whose influence was bound to be benefi-
cial and subversive of public morals.

It has always been thought, we believe,
that any step toward creating an office
of dramatic censor, such as they now
have in Great Britain, for instance,
would be a frank confession on our part
of the failure of public opinion; but, for-
tunately for us as a people, there is every
indication that the situation has brought
forth its own remedy.

It is obvious that the duty of preventing
public immorality devolves on the mayor
and the police of a municipality, and in a
great many cases these officials have
proved themselves entirely adequate to
act in the public interest. It was the
mayor of Boston, we believe, who first
displayed his power in this direction when
he notified a New York manager that his
production, which had enjoyed a long run
in New York, would not be allowed to
open in Boston. That play was compara-
tively harmless, when we consider how
much further in the matter of libidinous
displays later theatrical attractions went.

The example set by the mayor of Boston
has been followed during the past year
by the mayors of New York, Chicago,
Philadelphia, and other cities, not omit-
ting Washington, where the Commission-
ers acted. There has been no concerted
movement among these officials to purify
the drama; each mayor has acted inde-
pendently, but the effect has been the
same.

Theatrical managers are keenly alive
to their own interests, and it cannot be
doubted that the dramatic censorship
exercised by the mayors of many cities
will have the effect of encouraging clean
plays and spectacles and preventing the
production of salacious shows. There is
no excuse at all for indecency on the
stage, and when once public opinion on
the subject has made itself manifest,
theatrical managers will cease trying to
purvey it.

It has been proved that there is no need
of a dramatic censor in this country. The

good taste and right feeling of the people,
backed up by the sufficient authority vest-
ed in their police officials, have proved
ample in the past to keep the stage clean;
and that power will always be felt when
any theatrical manager has so little re-
gard for his duty as to try to coin dra-
matic indecency into money.

This "insurgency" business is getting
in some ominous work. A number of
Maine college students assembled last
week and solemnly resolved that their
proxy should not vote one single time
during the entire commencement season.

Emperor William is to receive 20 per
cent more salary hereafter. Having ob-
tained a lot of pointers from the colonel,
the Kaiser is worth more money to the
Fatherland, of course.

Somehow, it sounds foolish to talk of
a safe and sane Fourth, anyway, with
June still persistently sticking to its old
gray flannels and things.

It would be just like this affectionate
country to fall into the habit hereafter
of referring to Dr. Roosevelt as "Doc!"

Perhaps, however, the editor of the
Chicago Record-Herald forgot to send
Mr. Lorimer a marked copy of that re-
cent 23-for-Lorimer edition.

"The people of China want a legisla-
ture," notes the Mobile Register. It pains
us to say it, but there are not many at
large in this country that we can con-
sistently recommend to China's con-
sideration.

Count Boni de Castellane has taken
steps to have his marriage annulled.
Evidently, Boni has not yet heard the
news.

Luther Burbank has accomplished won-
ders with plants and things; but re-
cently he made one failure. Therefore,
what? Luther is getting the long and
ludicrous from one end of the country
to the other. Moral: The oftener you
get away with it, the merrier the ha-ha
you get when you don't.

"Fingy" Connors passes," notes the
Cleveland Plain Dealer. Declines to play
until he gets another deal, eh?

"At the first shot fired against the
American flag, I will level the bluff,"
wired Commander Hines to Gen. Rivas,
of Nicaragua. This meant, of course,
that he would call somebody down.

Still, if everybody on earth should sim-
mer down and be as peaceful as human
beings possibly may be, would that be
not put the colonel out of business en-
tirely?

About the only excuse the Democratic
bribe-takers in the Illinois legislature
have to offer is that it was Republican
money that bought them. We do not be-
lieve this excuse will go, even in darkest
Democratic Illinois.

Mr. Bryan is to take a hand in the
forthcoming Ohio Congressional cam-
paign. Still, the optimistic Democrats
have not lost all hope, even at that.

In order to use the "full dinner pail"
slogan next November, the Republicans
will find it necessary to reduce the size
of the pail considerably.

A lot of people who have struggled
manfully against believing the comet res-
ponsible for untoward things are finding
it, nevertheless, somewhat difficult ra-
tionally to account for the weather man's
persistently mean and most un-Junesque
disposition.

And Wisconsin, too—Wisconsin appears
to think pretty well of Mr. Taft.

"Gov. Brown has got himself into a sort
of squabble," notes a Georgia contem-
porary. He will get himself out in due
time. He always does.

"The poor man's auto!" Most any auto
that has been in the same man's hands
twelve months.

It is becoming more and more evident
every day that it is going to be necessary
for Congress to go back home and ask,
if it really wishes to know exactly where
it stands.

"Joe" Cannon is the issue in Iowa,"
said an anti-Cannon paper a few days be-
fore the late show-down. And—well?

A 65-2-3 per cent increase in salary may
serve, however, to save the wounds of
former Secretary Carpenter.

The South is displaying a more than
friendly interest in Harmon nowadays.
Apparently, indeed, Harmon is about the
best bet Dixie sees on the Presidential
horizon.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Congress Draws the Line.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
The latest report from Washington is that Con-
gress does not give a damn for Green River.

Mr. Ballinger Slighted.
From the St. Paul Dispatch.
We fail to understand why the President should
overlook Mr. Ballinger when he is picking out a
man to be Minister to Morocco.

Where Washington Falls Down.
From the Augusta Herald.
In Spartanburg they whitewashed the jail.
In Washington they whitewash fellows who ought
to be in jail.

World Peace Movement.
From the Pittsburg Post.
With the colonel at the head of the peace com-
mission a separate army and navy should be
provided for its use.

Can't Expect the Impossible.
From the St. Paul Dispatch.
Bryan's Commission is issued only once a week,
and, therefore, cannot be expected to give publicity
to all of Mr. Bryan's paramount issues.

Cause and Effect.
From the Brooklyn Eagle.
If Bryan doesn't stop indulging Johnson Harmon,
the nomination for the Presidency by acclamation
on first ballot is assured for the Union. Thousands
of Democrats love Harmon for the enemies he has
made.

Be It Remembered.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Be it everlastingly remembered of Eugene Hale,
who is about to retire, that he was against spending
all of the revenues for battle ships, and did not be-
lieve in aggrandizement of territories and indulgence
in foreign wars.

High Cost of Living Axioms.
From Judge.
"The price of phonographs is going
up." Even talk isn't cheap any more.
A butcher nowadays has a great deal
at stake.

"Time is money." Nowadays when
you go out shopping you have to take
lots of time.

Now that they have raised meats I sup-
pose the farmers will also raise vege-
tables this summer.

There was some sort of order, but
at home the government felt that not
enough was being done, and in 1903
a new squadron was sent out under
Preble, to act particularly against the
Barbary pirates. Then occurred the
famous exploit of Decatur which Nelson
pronounced "the most daring act of the
age." But even Preble was not aggres-
sive enough, and in 1805 he was relieved
by Barron with a new ship. The squad-
ron now consisted of ten vessels, some
rated at twelve guns and the largest at

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

THREE RIVERS.

A retrospect of peace and war is
"Three Rivers: The Hudson, the Poto-
mac, and the James," by Gen. Joseph P.
Farley, U. S. A. The author is known
as an ordnance expert throughout the
world, and is one of the designers of the
16-inch rifle, the largest type of gun ex-
tant. In 1833, at the Sandy Hook proving
ground, the chief of ordnance, address-
ing a large audience of officers of the
army and navy, said: "The principles
involved in this gun are due solely to Col.
Farley, Maj. Birnie, and Maj. Smith.
They divide the credit for this piece of
ordnance. When we set this gun to-
day we are going beyond any point reached
before. This is purely a test without a
precedent." The gun was fired its first
official shot by Col. Farley, and on that
same day he was notified by the chief
of ordnance that he had been selected
for promotion to the grade of brigadier
general.

After more than half a century of serv-
ice in the army, he has written the pre-
sented volume; it is a record in which
history, the history of ordnance, and ex-
perience have equal parts.

Along the banks of the James, he re-
calls the days of his boyhood and early
manhood; many battles of his fighting
days. Along the Hudson, he de-
scribes the old and the new West Point,
describes the scenes of Arnold's treach-
ery, and, in short, fills his pages with
hundreds of interesting memories and
incidents.

The author is an artist of marked abil-
ity and delicacy, and the illustrations of
the volume are reproductions in color
of his own paintings, and wonderfully ac-
cording to the subject. This is a volume
that will appeal to many people
(Washington: The Neale Publishing
Company.)

Notes of Books.

I heard the other day the method by
which some young women judge of the
value of the modern novel.

In a street car two girls were talking
of what they read:

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough,"
said one. "I go to the circulating library
and look at the last chapters. If I find
the rain softly and sadly dropping over
one or two lonely graves, I don't have
it; but if the morning sun is glimmering
over the roofs of white satin, I know
it is all right."

This may not be recanted criticism,
but it betrays evidence of sound judg-
ment, nevertheless.

Rex Beach has returned from Panama,
where he has been spending two months,
accompanied by his wife. His arrival in
New York was simultaneous with the pub-
lication of his new book "Going Home,"
which is evidently a novelization of the
clever comedy he wrote in collaboration
with Paul Armstrong, and which has
proved a big success. Mr. Beach is at
work on a new Alaskan novel which he
intends to publish this summer.

The literary executors of Mark Twain,
who are his daughter and Albert Bigs-
low Lafue, will be glad to receive any
letters of Mark Twain of personal or
literary interest. They may be sent to
the executors at Redding, Conn. All let-
ters will be copied and returned. The
law is somewhat curious as to letters.
The person to whom a letter is addressed
owns the letter, of course. But he does
not own the right to publish it.

Washington as a Meca.

From the New York Post.
The man whose health does not permit
of strenuous office labor, the man of mod-
erate income with bookish taste, the re-
tired capitalist, the superannuated bank
president, all have a hard time in obtain-
ing sufficient human companionship. This
is particularly true of retired army and
navy officers. A fixed day, their sixty-
fourth birthday, finds them promptly
shelved. They give up their regiments
or the command of departments or of
fleets at the stroke of noon on the fatal
anniversary. They wander homeward to
the towns they came from, only to find
that after the first week's issue of the
Washington Post, they are no longer
served on the land and sea, their friends
can hardly conceal their impatience if
these veterans appear a second time at
their offices. Hence it is that for the
retired Washingtonian is a Meca.

He cannot walk down Connecticut ave-
nue without meeting a score of men he
knew in the service. Colonel, general,
and admiral—one of these titles he ap-
plies to almost every man he meets.
The Army and Navy Club or the Metro-
politan always have their occupants.
Somebody is sure to ask the veteran how
he swam ashore in that gale at Samba
or charged down the road in the Wilder-
ness the time poor Harry Smith got that
bullet in his brain. The human touch
that makes the whole world akin is there.

Money in Coyote Paws.
From the Cherriville (Kans.) Republican.
While Mr. Barning was plowing on his
farm seven miles south of Independence
yesterday he noticed a coyote manuever-
ing around an old straw stack and went
over to investigate. He found nine little
coyote pups three weeks old. They were
just learning to walk, and the mother
began to paw the dirt off, as is the
habit of wolves. Mr. Barning gathered
up the fluffy little fellows and took them
to the county seat. He took them to the
carnival and they were soon sold, three
pairs going to Chicago. The mother
ranged too far away for him to get a
chance at her. He realized \$25 from the
sale of the pups.

In Connecticut.
From the Yonkers Statesman.
"How is it you are charging me more
for nutmegs?" asked the lady.
"Lumber's gone up, madam," replied
the grocer.

THE ECLIPSE OF CAPT. BUTT.
Wherever fared the President
The faithful Captain also went;
In Washington or Pointed Post,
From Southern gulf to Western coast,
Clothed in gold lace and braid galore
His gorgeous figure did of yore
Abot.

A private secretary's fate,
There was some sort of order, but
at home the government felt that not
enough was being done, and in 1903
a new squadron was sent out under
Preble, to act particularly against the
Barbary pirates. Then occurred the
famous exploit of Decatur which Nelson
pronounced "the most daring act of the
age." But even Preble was not aggres-
sive enough, and in 1805 he was relieved
by Barron with a new ship. The squad-
ron now consisted of ten vessels, some
rated at twelve guns and the largest at

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE WASH.

The Treasury Department proposes to
wash the soiled paper money.
My breast with awe and wonder
Your Uncle Sam fills.
He now expects to launder
All of his dirty bills.

Up in the big quadrangle
That the Treasury Building forms
He built equipped a manly
Sheltered from sudden storms.

Soon, with the cuffs and collars,
The passer may espy
A couple of million dollars
Hung on the line to dry.

Time to Speak.
"That helms is uncertain, duke. Bet-
ter propose at the psychological mo-
ment."

"It has come. My landlord rendered his
bill just now."

Rural Repartee.
"Can I sell you some postholes?" asked
the suburban humorist.
"No, I'm going to use barbed wireless
fencing," answered the other wit.

The Stimulus.
"This is a pretty good poem. You must
have had some strong inspiration."
"I had; the editor promised me ten dol-
lars."

The Slang Artist.
The baseball poet has a clinch,
A most delightful time;
For he can always in a pinch
Invent a word to rhyme.

Bound to Come.
"This is a progressive age."
"It is that. Sooner or later we are go-
ing to have a monthly magazine bound
in cloth, with a bookcase thrown in as
a premium."

In Convention.
"Now do you understand the issues
thoroughly?"
"Oh, yes," declared the lady delegate.
"Every time that woman in the green
shirt waist stands up, I vote aye."

Awkward Later.
"I thought you were going to marry
that popular belle this month."
"No, I marry no woman who has en-
gagements booked two years ahead."

From the Collection Basket.
From the Boston Transcript.
The wife of the clergyman of a certain
suburban parish was mending clothes the
other day when a visitor was announced.
The hostess went on with her sewing, for
the caller was a well-known parishioner.
After a while the visitor glanced toward
the sewing table and exclaimed:

"Why, there are some buttons exactly
like some my husband had on his last
winter suit. They are an odd kind of but-
ton, too. Where did you get them?"
The clergyman's wife smiled roguishly.
"In the collection basket," she answered
quietly. "I found a good many of the
same kind. I am saving them up for
possible use."

The caller changed the subject as hap-
pily as she could, and somehow or other
she did not stay long.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.
W. D. Nesbit, in the Chicago Post.
The sweet girl graduate now stands
with her grave essay in her hands, and
after she has made her bow she tells
exactly why and how the world should
be revamped entire to mold it to our
heart's desire.

She has been telling late of nights to
draft this little bill of rights, and to
find cures for all the ills which give
the nation grievous chills, and which upset
each helpful plan which would insure the
peace of man.

Her brow is high, her waist is slim, her
dress is neat in fit and trim, and when
she waves her white, white hand in a
brave gesture of command we realize
that now at last we'll drop the shackles
of the past.

For here we see is one to take the helm
of state and swiftly make our country
run as smooth and true as every country
ought to go, so we sit back in deep con-
tent and let her follow out her bent.
And will she bravely rally forth to east
and west and south and north and sound
her ringing clarion call to you and me
and one and all, and rouse us to our
country's needs and spur us on to noble
deeds?

Not much, my meek and gentle friend?
Seest thou yon senior at the end? That
fellow with the young mustache and neck-
tie like an awful curl? That youngster
lean and lank and slim? Well, next week
she'll elope with him!

Get the Hook!
From the Chicago News.
Dick-Darling, you are the first girl I
ever loved.

Dolly-Come around Friday night.
Dick-Friday night?

Dolly-Yes; that is amateur night, you
know.

Unavoidable Delay.
From the Chicago Tribune.
These are the telegrams that passed
between the publishing house and the
owner of the summer resort hotel:

"What is the reason you have not sent
us the copy for the pamphlet announcing
our summer opening?"

"I mailed the copy, all right, but the
train was delayed several days by snow
drifts along the route."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Our War with Tripoli—June 10.

Shortly after Thomas Jefferson was in-
docked into office on March 4, 1801, he
took seriously into consideration the
depravations of the corsairs of Tripoli
upon our commerce. The Moslem powers
of North Africa had for some years been
pacified with money, until \$200,000 had
been used to purchase immunity from their
piratical vessels. But they became more
insolent, and on June 10, 1801, to se-
cure a larger tribute, declared war
against the United States. This chal-
lenge was accepted, and instead of paying
tribute the President sent Com-
modore Dale, with three frigates and a
sloop of war, to the Mediterranean.

The Mohammedan pirates were in the
habit of sailing forth from their ports
and harbors and capturing the rich
merchant vessels from any country.
European nations had ceased resisting
them by force of arms and had adopted
the method of paying yearly tribute as
a means of buying protection. Many of
our vessels had been captured and con-
fiscated and the seamen sold into slavery.
When Commodore Dale and his
squadron of four ships arrived, the sight
of the American broadsides and the de-
struction of a Tripolitan vessel, which
proved necessary, were found to have a
most soothing effect upon the ruffled
pride of the monarchs of the Barbary
States. When Dale considered it safe
he returned home, but left two ships on
the coast. In the succeeding years, 1802
and 1803, this force was strengthened, and
many combats took place between it and
the pirate vessels.

There was some sort of order, but
at home the government felt that not
enough was being done, and in 1903
a new squadron was sent out under
Preble,